97. Tom's Coffee House Dec. 9

Dr. WOODWARD's GHOST.

1747

Occasion'd by a Passage in Dr. MEAD's Preface to his Treatise of the

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Small-Pox and *Measles*,

Severely reflecting on that Gentleman's Memory.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE;

By way of vindicating the Doctor's Character from the Aspersions cast on him by his unmerciful Antagonist.

By Dr. ANDREW TRIPE,
Nephew to the late DOCTOR.

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Intactum Pallanta; et cum Spolia ista diemque
Oderit.

Virg. Æn. X.

LONDON:

Printed for JEREMIAH REASON, in *Flower de Luce-Court, Fleet Street,* 1748.

[Price Six-pence.]

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INTRODUCTION.

VERY little Apology, I conceive, is neceſſary for the uſhering into the World the following Rhapſodical Piece. Abuſing the immortal Dead was ever look'd upon as execrable by all Nations not abſolutely uncultivated and barbarian; and conſider'd as the higheſt Pitch of Immorality that could poſſibly be arrived at. Now, if this be an eſtabliſh'd, indiſputed, Axiom in regard of the Generality of Departed Souls; how muſt this Offence againſt Good-nature and Humanity be aggravated, when Thoſe are made the glaring Objects of ſtigmatizing, never-relenting, Obloquy: who, when living, were really venerable, and conſtantly placed in that Point of attracting Light by all their Acquaintance and Cotemporaries! Such was Dr. WOODWARD: a Gentleman, who, barring one or two Perſons who envied his Glory, was ever held in univerſal Eſteem; not only on account of his diſtinguiſh'd Parts, and Philoſophical Genius, but as He was moreover ſingularly eminent in reſpect of uncommon Honeſty: and altogether ſuperiour to any indirect, ſiniſter, Methods conducive to the Propagation of his own particular Intereſts. Whatever Honour a Medicinal Cargo by wholeſale may do our Phyſicians, and their long Preſcriptions our Officinal Depoſitories; he religiouſly kept himſelf within a narrower Compaſs, ſcarce ever exceeding the Bounds of his favourite ORTS and VOMITS. A Practice founded on a very rational Theory, and, conſequently, attended with admirable Succeſs. However, "it very rarely happens, that any new Method of Cure whatever, in regard of "any one Diſeaſe, pleaſes the Palate of every body." Eſpecially, "as every Place is fur-"niſh'd with a Set of malevolent Mortals, who employ all their Forces in the beſpattering "and defaming other Men's Characters; as if they imagined they were procuring to them-"ſelves a Share of Reputation, proportionable to the Detraction with which they are load-"ing others:" as Dr. MEAD has very juſtly obſerved. Therefore, it is no Wonder he was oppoſed in this Point when living; which occaſioned a notable Conteſt between him, and the then reigning Phyſicians. But, as Dr. WOODWARD is now dead, and has been ſo for ſeveral Years, to throw upon his Memory great Perſonal Abuſe, thro' a never-to-be-eradicated—*Manet alta mente repoſtum*, is what the Publick could not have expected from the Politeneſs and Education of, in other reſpects, a very great and extraordinary Man. To be under no Imputation in this Place of falſe Inſinuations, I ſhall quote the Paſſage in the Doctor's Preface, moſt wretchedly and unworthily reflecting on Dr. WOODWARD's early Circumſtances and Situation in Life; and, in an unprecedently Manner, ridiculing his peculiar Philoſophical Taſte, with other ſevere Invectives. Dr MEAD, then, after hinting the Oppoſition his Own and Dr. FREIND's Practiſe, in regard of ſome Particularities relating to the Management of the Small-Pox, had formerly met with, gives us the following very elaborate, maſterly, apt, and gentlemanlike Detail. *In his primas tenuit Johannes Woodwardus, medicinæ profeſſor Greſhamenſis, qui cum vitæ ſuæ tirocinium in officina lintearia poſuiſſet; deinde, collecta conchyliorum, lapidum, mineralium, et conſimilium rerum foſſilium farragine, philoſophus videri voluit: et in Medici cujuſdam familiam poſtea admiſſus amicorum gratia lauream medicinalem adeptus eſt. Vir moribus incultus, faſtoſus,*

et

et alienæ laudis invidus. Hic igitur in libro De Statu Medicinæ, *lingua vernacula scripto, in Freindum, et amicos ejus, meque in primis, debacchatus est ; non argumentis, neque experimentis, quæ ipsi nulla erant, sed opprobriis et conviciis rem strenue agens.* Which Paſſage is thus tranſlated. "The Foremoſt among Theſe was JOHN WOODWARD, Profeſſor of Phy-"ſick at *Greſham College:* who, having ſerved an Apprenticeſhip to a Linnen-draper, after "that, made a Collection of Cockle-ſhells, Pebbles, Minerals, &c. and ſo took it into "his Head to ſet up for a Philoſopher: and then, being admitted into a certain Phy-"ſician's Family, thro' the Favour of Friends obtain'd his Doctor's Degree. A Man "of uncouth Manners, haughty, and envious of another's Praiſe. This Perſon there-"fore in a Treatiſe *Concerning the State of Phyſick*, wrote in *Engliſh*, raved againſt FREIND "and his Party, and, particularly, againſt me; bidding ſtrong Defiance, not from his "being arm'd with Reaſon and Experience, which he was an utter Stranger to, but "by Ribaldry, and downright Billingſgate." Now, by the by, this Ribaldry and Billingſ-gate were a Solidity of Reaſoning accompanied with a Degree of Smartneſs, ever natural to, and almoſt inſeperable from, Men of Wit, and bright Parts; and quite inwoven, as it were, with their very Conſtitutions; as Dulneſs on the other hand, and Lumper-headed-neſs, one can't ſay ſhine, yet, are ſadly conſpicuous, in the Writings of Perſons of a contrary Texture. And, indeed, all the animal Movements of ſuch a Compoſition betray a near Conſanguinity to whatever Lucubrations and Productions are man-mid-wife'd into the World from ſuch an unenliven'd Quarter: every one of 'em being abſolutely as heavy as the *Manſion-Houſe*; a meer affectedly-literary Quarry. However, be that as it will, I ſhall not here revive a Controverſy long ſince condemn'd to an eternal Oblivion; but proceed only to the Matter in hand.

Now, if vindicating the Memory of a Relation from an unexampledly injurious Treatment be thought in itſelf no ways immoral; I hope the Publick will not be diſpleaſed at my Method and Manner of doing it. Whatever Malice other People may be actuated with, the Reader will ſee manifeſtly, that no ſuch Imputation can be fix'd on me. For, in reality, I am rather Merry, than angry. To conclude, Charity is an admirable, charming, Affection of the Soul. But to traduce, and carry Reſentment and Animoſity beyond the Grave, and diſturb the Manes of the Dead; tho' it be an unheard of, yet it will not, perhaps, be altogether an unrevenged, Monſtroſity. — For the Truth of which prophetic Inſinuation, I appeal to the ſubſequent ſolemn Scene.

Dr. WOODWARD's GHOST.

FROM ſoft ELYSIUM's fair Retreats,
Thick-woven Bow'rs, and bliſsful Seats,
Sequeſtred Shades, enamell'd Plains,
Where neither Fraud, nor Phyſick, reigns;
Th' Abode of Indolence and Eaſe,
All huſh'd in everlaſting Peace:
Where HARVEY, Where MACHAON, roves
Amidſt the fragrant Myrtle-Groves;
And all the fam'd, illuſtrious, Sages
Of former, and of latter, Ages;
HIPPOCRATES' aſpiring Cheſt
Being far ſuperiour to the reſt:
Hack'd, thwack'd, and rack'd, my injur'd Aſhes
Having receiv'd a hundred Laſhes,
From Poſt to rugged Pillar bounc'd,
Keel-hawl'd, and De'el-hawl'd, ſadly trounc'd,
Swift-ſkimming thro' the riſing Gloom,
A diſcontented GHOST I come:
Come to avenge enormous Wrongs,
Which nor I, nor a thouſand Tongues
Can paint, howe'er the Numbers flow,
In Verſe, proportion'd to the Woe.
And, what worſe hurts my troubled Shade,
Thick on, Ye Gods! the Strokes are laid

By One, a Match for me no more,
When mortal Fleſh and Blood I wore,
Than (to compare great Things with ſmall,
And ſimilie it once for all)
In point of pow'rful Skill in Urine,
ST—CK is to be compar'd to J—R—N:
Then, to my Tale attentive, know,
Ye Worlds above, and Worlds below!
That I, a viſionary Form,
Am going to raiſe a hideous Storm.
Hideous, as when Winds North and Eaſt
Are combating the South and Weſt,
Engag'd in elemental War,
And ſcatt'ring wild Deſtruction far.
Enrag'd, I'll kindle a dire Flame,
Nor He, nor ST--CK, nor W—RD ſhall tame,
W—RD, GR—SH—M Seer. Nor ſhall their Forces,
Muſter they up their beſt Reſources,
Reſtrain, (a charming Scene!) by Half,
The tickled Town's juſt-burſting Laugh.
Learn, hoſtile M——, tho' now your Mien
Is lordly and majeſtic ſeen;
Tho' you now, or with Wine or Ale,
Your eaſy-flowing Hours regale;
Buy Books, and gild 'em on the Backs,
The Reading Part the while all ST-CK's;
And antique Buſts, and Pictures purchaſe,
Th' unhallow'd Spoils of plunder'd Ch-rches;
The faſt-approaching Years will roll,
When, ev'n to ſave your very Soul,

Shall

Shall you no more, ſo lordly ſeen,
Diſplay a high majeſtic Mien;
No more with Wine, or mantling Ale,
Your eaſy-flowing Hours regale;
No more buy Books, or gild their Backs,
The reading Part the while all ST—CK's;
Nor antic Buſts, nor Pictures purchaſe,
Th' unhallow'd Spoils of plunder'd Ch-rches:
But, all this fond, fond, Scene reverſt,
Your Glories ſhall be quite diſperſt;
Low'r'd your proud Top-ſail; when, to crown
The Farce, their Spleen thro' all the Town
Invidious Mortals ſhall avow;
And lick you, as you lick me now.
Not ſo, altho' we once had words,
(Milk-Tempers may be turn'd to C-rds)
Behaves the venerable SL ——,
But ſtill preſerv'd another Tone.
News brought him, that from Life I had ſtole,
"Poor JOHN! ſays he, Heav'n reſt his Soul!
Oh! how inglorious to beſpatter
A Being, ſtript of earthly Matter!
To mawl and mangle over Head
And Ears the inoffenſive Dead!
To faſter rave, and rave ſtill faſter,
And lay on Scandal thick as Plaſter!
What think you? Could you hope t' eſcape,
At leaſt without one home-driv'n Rap?
As if what mortal Man tranſacts
Were done behind our fleeting Backs;

When

When the leaſt Act of all the COLLEGE
Sinks in an inſtant to our Knowledge:
No Powder, Bolus, Draught, or Bliſter,
Tortures the Sick, nor ev'n a Clyſter;
But ev'ry HIPPOCRATIC Shade's
Appriz'd of what the Wretch invades.
What, tho' I ſerv'd a Linnen-draper?
Muſt you then ſwagger, bounce, and vapour;
And your invet'rate Spleen ne'er drop,
Becauſe I once was in a Shop?
Had you behind that Compter ſtood,
Whatever Pride had ſwell'd your Blood,
Believe me, ſay whate'er you will,
You had been a Linnen-draper ſtill;
Had ne'er from that low State emerg'd;
Nor bleeded, vomited, or purg'd;
But, by your groveling Parts debarr'd,
Had ſtill ſold Doulaſs by the Yard!
Where is, I ſay, the mighty Fame
In black'ning my oblivion'd Name?
Thro' Spite and Malice to revive
A Conteſt, when I was alive,
Howe'er by you and FR——ND recorded,
No Carman, ev'n, a Pin regarded!
O, ſo ſecure, and ſo elate!
If I know Aught of future Fate;
If our paternal DELIAN God,
Whoſe Influence ev'n in our Abode;
Below the Earth, inſpir'd we feel,
Does to my Breaſt the Truth reveal;

Baited,

Baited, and rated, M —— , O M——
Better you had never learnt to read;
At leaſt, had ne'er ſet Pen to Paper:
A Draper, Sir, a Linnen-draper?
A Draper tho', I ſtill had Parts,
Vers'd in a thouſand poliſh'd Arts;
Knew OILS and VOMITS, had read GALEN,
To qualify me for the Calling;
Knew the abſtruſe and hidden Nature
Of all, all, vegetable Matter;
Knew Foſſils, Min'rals, and What not;
Muſt I for this now go to pot?
Tis not your SUN, not yet your Moon,
Nor thus your playing the Buffoon,
Can fix you, nor degraded RHAZES,
On a like firm, eſtabliſh'd, Baſis;
Nor your affecting to be friendly
To the well-meaning, honeſt, BR——DL——Y.
O BR--DLEY, O! I pity you:
But He muſt merry Vengeance rue.
E'er well to-morrow's op'ning Dawn
Scatters pure Light o'er Wood, or Lawn,
Before the Fair One, (Friend and Foe
Serving alike) cries, *Milk below!*
A Spectre, fiercer than my Ghoſt,
Shall the deſpotic Don accoſt;
Shall raiſe a Tumult in his Breaſt,
A Parſon ev'n ſha'n't lay to Reſt.
Be thou, Book-vending B——DL——Y, there;
And mark the Agonies of Fear.

Confeſt to faireſt View the Sprite
Shall all appear in black and white:
Exhibiting a diſmal Scroll,
That wo'nt on laughing Matters roll.
Methinks, tho' ſome few Hours between,
I ſee the aromatic Scene.
Flavum, nor is the Term abſurd,
Flavum Latinum is the Word.
Take heed, Ye Scourers, leſt in vain
You labour at the deep-fix'd Stain.
The Scourers droop; vent taunting Speeches,
And curſe the D——C——R, and his BR—CHES.
Such pow'rful Odours o'er the Room
Their Fragrance ſpread, and rich Perfume;
When erſt a Ring of BATSON's' Seers
Saw us together by the Ears;
His Rapier drawn, my trenchant Blade,
Graſp'd faſt by this Right-Hand, diſplay'd;
When, paler than I'm now, and wan,
He ſoon made off; (Bards ſing he ran)
Till us more Walls than one divided;
The Combate thus left undecided.
This fighting Ire, this bloody Storm,
So foreign to a ſhadowy Form,
A dudgeon'd Story long ſince dead,
Which Few have heard, and Fewer read,
I had ne'er reviv'd however thwarted,
Had he not thus the Tale extorted.
And ſince 'tis ſo, the preſent Race
Shall know the Iſſue of that Caſe!

He, after all his boaſted Valour,
Was forc'd to ſing a whole Key ſmaller,
Whole Streets from my known Haunts ſtill driving:
And would be ſtill, were I ſurviving.
Say, BR—DL—Y, ſay, whoſe trotting Feet
Tread ev'ry Alley, Lane, and Street;
Whoſe ſtill-unwearied, ſearching, Eye
Does into all Tranſactions pry;
Whoſe News-enquiring Head does pop
Into each Pamphleteerer's Shop;
(Nor art thou ever at a loſs,
From LONDON-BRIDGE to CHARING-CROSS)
Say, if thou e'er ſaw'ſt ſuch a Scheme;
(Enough to make a Man blaſpheme)
As I, with keen Reſentment warm,
The Draper Son of PHOEBUS, form.
I'll haunt him, haunt him: whether He
Takes Chocolate, or takes a Fee;
Writes Books, or Bills, (whence Shoals are h—rl'd,
Tho' fairly, into our throng'd World)
Whether he's coach'd, or goes, or comes;
At Pray'rs, or reads the News at T—MS.
Nor that in this pacific Guiſe,
But with rude Claws, and ſaucer Eyes;
And in the ſableſt Shades of Night,
When Nature ſoon conceives a Fright.
And frighted ſhall he be. That very Wig,
Tho' an unwieldy Load of Periwig,
Shall bound, JOHN BR—DL—Y, ſhall, I'll do't,
Bound from his Head above a Foot,

And

And, tho' he now can't give one good Word,
Twill then be pray, dear, ſweet JOHN WOODWARD.
What a Scene opens, which no Eye,
Without my Optics, can deſcry,
I ſee, I ſee the riſing Jars;
Thrice hideous Feuds, tremendous Wars.
Here ſneering TH —— D works his Buff!
There does *The Ladies Stickler* huff!
Then will the *Tory-Treatiſe* work him!
And, laſt, his own Tranſlation jerk him!
Whilſt I, beſides, ſtir up a Faction
Under my own direct *Direction.*

But lo! the baleful Light comes on!
The Cock crows, and I muſt be gone.
Thou, BR—DL—Y, lend a liſt'ning Ear!
One Whiſper, e'er the nether Sphere,
Unenvied Realms, I re-explore:
O adver, —— advertize no more.

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